

XMAS DINNER

Without FRUIT CAKE Is like Xmas Eve without Santa Claus.

CLAUSSEN'S

"Since 1841—South's Favorite"

COUNTY TREASURER'S NOTICE 1929

The books of the County Treasurer will be open for the collection of taxes for the fiscal year, 1929, at the Treasurer's office from October 15th to December 31, 1929.

All persons owning property in more than one township are requested to call for receipts in each of the several townships in which the property is located.

All able-bodied male citizens between the ages of twenty-one (21) and sixty (60) years of age are liable to pay a poll tax of \$1.00, except old soldiers, who are exempt at fifty (50) years of age.

Proper attention will be given those who wish to pay their taxes through the mail by check, money order, etc., giving name of township and number of school district.

The tax levy is as follows:

Table listing tax levies for State Tax, Ordinary County Tax, Road and Bridge, Railroad Bond, Road Bonds, Past Indebtedness, Statewide School (6-0-1), Weak and High School, Constitutional School, and Total.

Table listing school districts and their respective millages, including Laurens School Districts, Youngs School Districts, Dials School Districts, Sullivan School Districts, Waterloo School Districts, Cross Hill School Districts, and Hunter School Districts.

Table listing Jacks School Districts and their respective millages, including No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, and No. 16.

Table listing additional school districts and their respective millages, including No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50.

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Persons sending in lists of names to be taken off are requested to send them early and give the township and school district of each, as the Treasurer is very busy during the month of December.

BOSS D. YOUNG, County Treasurer.



Dolly's Christmas Engagement



AFTER all," murmured Dolly to her rickety pine dresser, "Christmas in the city isn't so awful!"

She had just clambered up four flights of stairs, and marched rather solemnly the length of four dark halls. All the doors were closed in the halls; behind them she had heard people laughing and having a good time. In her arms she had carried a few bundles, mostly things for supper.

Now she dropped her bundles on her very narrow bed, and dragged off her hat. Her bright hair tumbled about her ears, her blue eyes looked tired, her mouth sagged a bit at the corners.

She threw her coat on a chair, and sighed. She had intended to begin at once to cook her supper on a tiny electric plate, then clear up the things and go out to hunt up some fun.

of course, and said a number of unpleasant things about dames who worked a guy until something better came along.

Dolly didn't care. Here in her small room, with the rickety dresser and uncomfortable chair, she began thinking of Christmas at home.

She forgot her supper; she forgot that she was going to the "movies." She sat on the edge of her bed and clasped her hands around her knees. Her blue eyes were blind to the cracked window shade and the dusty looking globe of the electric light.

There were long garlands of ground-pine hung about the pictures. There were bunches of holly pinned to the



She Dropped Her Bundles on Her Very Narrow Bed.

curtains. There was mistletoe. There was a general smell of good things which had been put away in the pantry. There was, in short, a warm security of home.

Then Roger had burst into the door, bringing a cold blast of wintry air. "Come on out, Dolly," he shouted, "the skating's grand. Moon's up and everything."

"Do go, dear," her mother had said. "It's a shame to stay in a night like this. I'll have doughnuts and hot coffee for you when you come home."

Roger had laughed and joked all the way to the pond. They had skated around together, skimming over the smooth surface as easily as swallows. Gradually they had stopped talking. It had all been glorious and somehow very sweet.

She said she first must try her own life in the city. She must be independent. She could not bear the thought of settling down in the dull village.

"But we won't stay here always," Roger had begged.

"No," Dolly replied. And they went home without saying another word.

While she was busy heating water for coffee, cutting and buttering bread and washing lettuce in her sink she heard a man's footstep pass the door. Why she listened at his passing she could not guess, but when a clear whistle broke the chill silence of the hall she dropped the lettuce, and without knowing what she was doing, she flung open the door.

Dolly pursed her lips and whistled a feeble likeness to the cheery tune now descending the stairs. The whole expression of her face had changed. Her eyes sparkled, her face was flushed, her very hair seemed to curl more prettily about her ears.

The footstep halted; the tune stopped. Dolly kept on with her end of it. A man was coming up the stairs. A tall man with broad shoulders and red hair. He wheeled about at the newel post and stared at Dolly. At this point she stopped whistling and grinned a wide, happy youthful grin.

After a while she persuaded him to find his hat and come into her room. "To think," said Roger, "that I have combed this darn city fore and aft to find you. You know you moved a month ago and never sent home your address. To think I chose this house, this very house, and have been coming in and out of it for three days, and never knew you were here. I'd about given up hope."

Dolly twinkled at him out of her blue eyes. Roger looked about at the rickety dresser, the narrow bed, the one uncomfortable chair. He said nothing but his voice was very tender when he finally took her hand and said softly: "We can catch the nine o'clock train for home, if you hurry. I came to get you, Dolly. I could not bear to think of you alone in this dreary hole. Your mother and father are waiting for us. They've hung up your stocking by the fireplace. And the pond is frozen solid. Grand skating!"

Dolly found her suitcase and flung in her clothes. She jammed on her hat and caught up her coat. "Come, Roger, let's go!" she said.

They went down stairs. At the foot a man was waiting. At the sight of Dolly and her companion, his jaw fell. "Merry Christmas, Danny Dugan!" sang out Dolly, and clung more tightly to her escort's arm.

Christmas night Roger and Dolly were skimming around the pond. There was a moon. There was just enough frost in the air to give the landscape a silvery white look. As they skated in rhythm and their breaths mingled in a sort of frosty cloud, Roger whispered, "Will you marry me, Dolly?" "Yes," she said. "Let's see how fast we can skate around the pond and then go home to get doughnuts!"

H. D. HENRY F. M. BOLAND

H. D. HENRY & COMPANY INSURANCE

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Borden's Prints 25c yard Shirting, 30 in. 15c yard Broadcloth, all colors 25c yard Outing 15c and 25c yard 40-in. White Homespun 10c and 12c yd. All kinds of Crepe Goods.

We have a lot of goods left from the basement that we are offering at a sacrifice—Hardware and Chinaware.

3 boxes of Searchlight Matches for 10c 3 boxes Soda for 10c 3 sticks Bluing 10c Lamp Chimneys at 10c and 15c Lamp Burners 10c Good Coffee at 35c lb.—3 lbs. for \$1.00 Window Shades at 50c, 75c and 98c Brooms at 20c and 45c We have a good lot of toys on hand. Come look them over.